

We repeat our expression of the Journal's national policy. Annex Hawaii, secure bases in the West Indies, dig the Nicaragua Canal, build the finest navy in the world and construct great national universities at West Point and Annapolis. And we reaffirm our declaration in favor of the Jeffersonian principle of national expansion.

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

**Be Democratic;
Be American.**

As the Democratic party brought on the war, and as it has been throughout its history pre-eminently the party of expansion, this approval ought naturally to have been expressed in the form of a brilliant Democratic victory.

Why was it not? Why did enthusiasm for the war and desire for national expansion work to the profit of a party that tried to prevent the war, that mismanaged it after it had begun, and that was born and nurtured in such a spirit of hostility to expansion that its founders regretted that Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada and Utah did not remain foreign territory?

Simply because of imbecile Democratic leadership, that threw away the advantages of position won by the genius of three generations of Democratic statesmen and forced them upon an enemy that was beaten in advance without them.

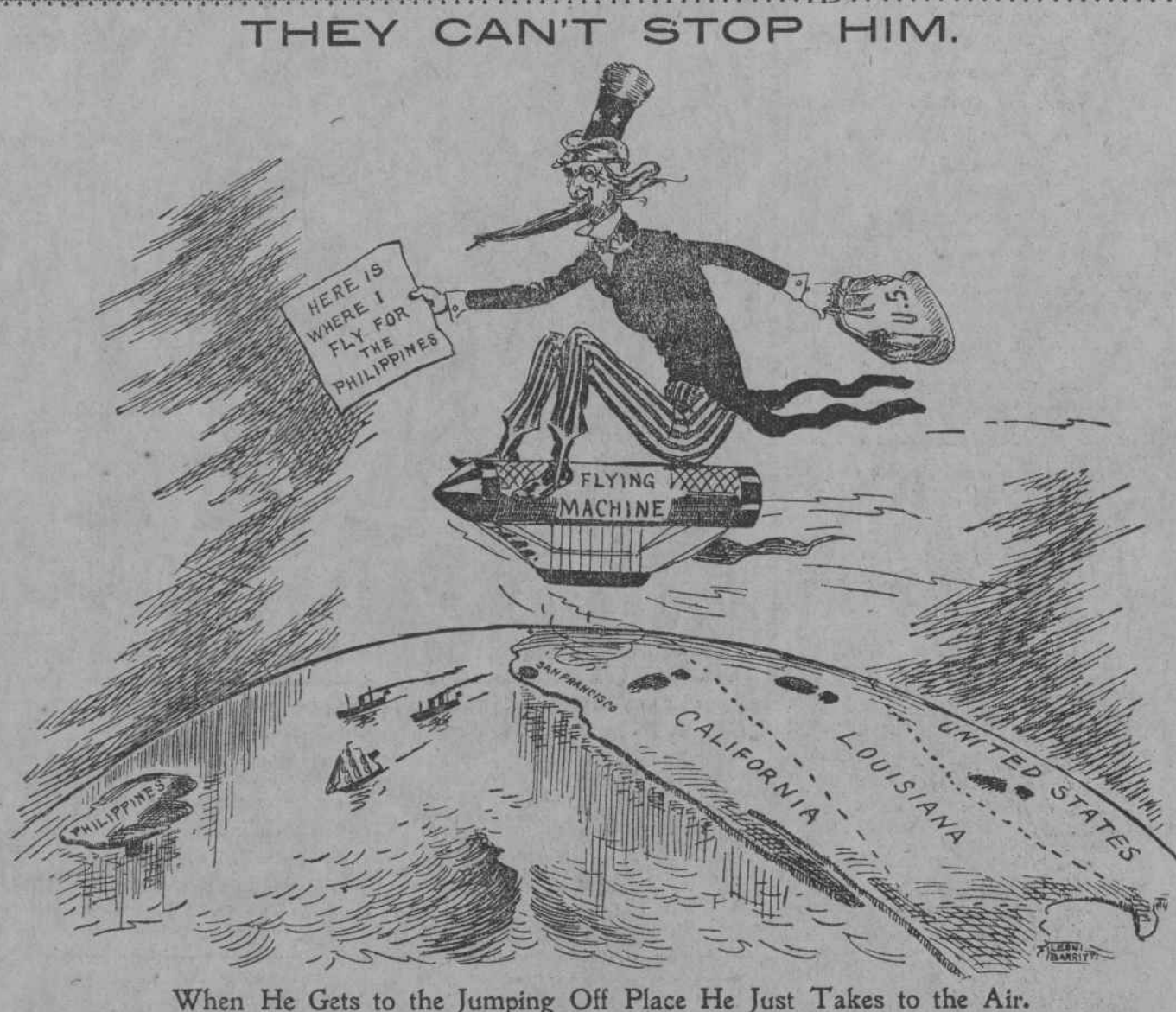
These blunders must be repaired. The Democracy must become Democratic again. The Journal has consistently steered by the old Democratic landmarks. It has done what Jefferson and Jackson would have done if they had lived in our times. The present leaders of the party must do the same. If they had been equal to their responsibilities last week's election would have given them a victory to rejoice over instead of a defeat to lament.

A SENATOR FOR THE VANDERBILTS.

Signs multiply that the Senatorial candidate of the Republican organization will be the diplomatic agent of the Vanderbilt railroads, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. The decision is not a surprising one, though the sacrifice on the part of the Republican managers does seem unnecessary. Surely their alliance with the millionaire could be no closer than it is now. In State Senate and Assembly the will of the Vanderbilt dynasty is unhesitatingly done, and at Washington Mr. Platt ought to serve all the purposes which the New York Central crowd may have in view.

So far as work for the people is concerned Mr. Depew displays no special qualifications for it. The work of the United States Senate is

"The vote of this election," said the editor of the Journal last Thursday, "is a vote of approval for the war and the principle of expansion."



When He Gets to the Jumping Off Place He Just Takes to the Air.

not done by the speechmakers and the wits. The real powers in that body are seldom on the floor. The silent man, assiduous in the discharge of his committee duties, tactful in his dealings with his associates, profound in his grasp of public questions, is the man who counts in the Senate. The shallow man, the mere jester, the petted favorite of millionaires, has no place nor power there.

No good reason exists for sending Mr. Depew to the Senate, unless the notorious subservience of the Republican party to corporations, trusts and the power of consolidated wealth may appear as a reason.

TRUTH LEAKING OUT.

Now that the elections are over the War Investigating Commission is extracting some juicy truths about army management, and we may expect to see our Republican contemporaries reviving before long the frankness of speech on that subject in which they indulged before political exigencies compelled them to wear muzzles.

The testimony of General Breckinridge and Chief Surgeon Huidekoper brings the responsibility for the sufferings of the soldiers home to high quarters. Colonel Huidekoper declares that the Deputy Surgeon-General persistently refused to approve requisitions for needed medicines, and that preparations of opium, calomel and quinine were constantly running short. He found some of the camps to be "extremely filthy"; others were "rather clean." "Some camps were never clean," Colonel Huidekoper said that regimental officers were responsible for the disgraceful condition of the camps, but that no

charge was ever brought against any officer for repeated neglect of sanitation orders.

General Breckinridge told of patients whose mouths were nests of flies and of attempts to secure sufficient hospital facilities, which were thwarted by Surgeon-General Sternberg. He asserted that the whole inspection system of the army practically dissolved on the outbreak of war. "You gentlemen," he remarked to the Commissioners, "are doing now what an Inspector-General should have done three months ago."

The astonishing fact was brought out that after General Breckinridge was sent to the field the position of Inspector-General was not filled; his office was left without a head, and the reports of inspectors were sent to the Adjutant-General—that same wonderful Corbin who has been the ally of Alger in suppressing Miles and advancing the Napoleonic Shafter.

General Breckinridge makes it clear that the Santiago campaign was begun and carried on without anything deserving the name of a plan or of preparation. He gives the credit for the victory to the Lord, not to Shafter, and certainly there is much reason in his theory. If Providence had desired to make it entirely clear that it had accomplished a miracle without the interposition of human intelligence it could not have done so more effectively than by acting through such an agent as General Shafter. That able commander's part in the triumph is explained by General Breckinridge in an anecdote whose appropriateness may excuse its profanity: "I have led you into a devil of a fix," said Lord Beresford once to his men, "and it is now your duty to fight like hell to get me out of it." General Shafter, however, did not lead anywhere. He showed,

HOME RULE AND DEATH TO TRUSTS.

Of course, two years is a long time, and it is impossible to predict what will be the main issue, but in the opinion of the New York Democracy a declaration against trusts and monopolies is the matter of most moment. By home rule I mean that large cities should be allowed to govern themselves and be free from the control of country legislatures. All our leading cities, as a rule, are much better governed than the States in which they are located. If my system of home rule were adopted it would be impossible for such obnoxious laws as the Force bill of New York State or the Allen bill of Illinois to affect the inhabitants of cities.

Issues so fundamental as these will not be changed by the lapse of time unless made more important, more vital by the growth of the abuses perpetrated under the existing system. The hand of the narrow and corrupt State Legislature will as years go by clutch more tightly great cities like New York and Chicago unless some such powerful agency as the Democratic party shall intervene. The trusts look for two years of unimpeded development. They have the National Government in all its branches. In the great industrial States, like New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, they are firmly entrenched. They are not without friends in the courts, both State and national, and they may be expected to avail themselves to the fullest of their extraordinary opportunities.

The only agency which can successfully oppose the growing power of the trusts is the Democratic party. It alone is free from entangling alliances with the beneficiaries of monopoly, for it scourged them out of Democracy's temple with whips of scorpions in 1896.

"Home Rule and Death to Trusts." It will be Democracy's rallying cry in 1900.

A GENUINE AMERICAN DEMOCRAT.

Senator Morgan is just back from Honolulu. He is as enthusiastic as ever for national expansion, and he believes that the Nicaragua Canal and a Pacific cable are urgent necessities. Of the canal, whose construction is one of the chief elements of the Journal's National Policy, the Senator says:

These events have simply demonstrated what has been known to many of us for many years, that such a canal is necessary to our self-protection as a nation. The long trip of the Oregon and the trip of the Iowa and Oregon, now on the water, have given the people an object lesson, and I believe fully 75 per cent and more of the people are now in favor of its construction. It will cost less than \$100,000,000, but the question of cost will not now figure in considering it. The people will have it. Had it not been for Speaker Reed the Nicaragua Canal bill would have passed the House last session, as it could have passed the Senate. The Speaker will scarcely be able to prevent it passing now; if not at the regular, then at an extra session, which now seems probable.

Mr. Morgan suggests that if the President begins at once he can lay the Pacific cable as a war measure, without waiting for the leisurely action of Congress. That is the sort of Democrat he is. If we had more of them the Democracy would be reading election returns more cheerfully than it is able to do just now.

BOXES AT THE HORSE SHOW come rather high, and the opera is not cheap, but the most expensive place of entertainment on record is the Stock Exchange, in which a seat was sold yesterday for \$28,000. Whatever depression may prevail in some branches of the wool industry, the business of shearing lambs is evidently prosperous.

RICHARD III. DIED TOO SOON. If he had visited Madison Square Garden he would not have had the mortification of finding no takers for his offer of his kingdom for a horse.

SECRETARY LONG INDORSES the only item of the National Policy that comes under his jurisdiction—a Mighty Navy. And the mighty navy will help to realize the others.

THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS are busily explaining what did it. When they get that settled they will see that it does not happen again.

YOUNG MR. POE, OF PRINCETON, may be a hero, but the kissing records do not show it.

CHRONICLES OF THE 400.

ONE of the comedies of the Horse Show—with a bit of tragedy in it, too—was the advent of Cornelius Vanderbilt as a spectator. Everybody was glad to see him, but there was no recognition from the Vanderbilt family of the beautiful young daughter-in-law who has been taken up by Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Mills and the very exclusives. Quite a crowd had gathered around Cornelius Vanderbilt and stared at him to their hearts' content. It looked like a mob bestowing its curious patronage on the Prince of Wales. At the very edge of the crowd was an elderly man, staring with the rest, and with a fixed gaze upon the millionaire. It was R. T. Wilson. It seemed a bit strange that he should have been in that crowd.

There is no doubt that the Horse Show is going out of fashion. The man who wears very horsey clothes and pinks and checks and all that kind of thing does not exist at the show. Berry Wall alone dressed in that antique fashion, and Prescott Lawrence, who is the horsest man in New York, and judge in the ring, was in very dark clothes, with a black Ascot, and looked very much like the ringmaster in the circus. Lee Tallier went half way and wore a four-in-hand similar to the one which Freddie Gehard sported at the steeplechase, of all colors of the rainbow, with much red and yellow, and a rather talking waistcoat; but that was as far as he got. Men and women are in mourning—or in black and purples. The present generation is conservative and well dressed, and the last, represented by Berry Wall, is a back number.

Miss Kathleen Nelson will not come out this season, and it is very doubtful even if Mrs. Twombly allows her daughter to make her debut. Miss Oelrichs, who has been at the Horse Show every day, and to whom recently Mr. J. Stevens Ulman has been very attentive, is very tall and blond and not the least like her handsome brunette mother, but yet a very pretty girl. Miss Havenmeyer is not pretty, but aristocratic looking, and Miss Fish is well groomed and very smart. Miss Whiting and Miss French are two moderately wealthy debutantes, and Miss Chapin inherited some money from her mother. Miss Kell, of Philadelphia, is, of course, the wealthiest debutante of the Winter, and she has the charming manner of her mother, Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, who was Miss Drexel.

The old chappies have not come out in great numbers at the show, and so far I have missed Gould Redmond, Peter Mario, Jim Parker and the rest. I believe they

wait until the last two days. Ex-Commodore Gerry has not been visible, but his two daughters and Mrs. Gerry are there every day and evening. Mrs. Gerry and Miss Gerry frequently walk down from their house to the show. In Winter you will always meet one of the Misses Gerry, and often Mrs. Gerry, taking long walks, and in the part of the town below Washington Square. They have many charities down there in which they are interested, and no matter how bad the weather or how late the dance was the evening before, this duty is never neglected.

I do not know whether there is any truth in the report of the engagement of Miss Evelyn Burden to Mr. Charles Wetmore, as now reported. Mr. Wetmore is a member of the Knickerbocker Club. Miss Burden looks very happy this Winter and at the Horse Show she was all smiles. She wears a striking gown of electric blue and her sables are superb.

Mr. Wetmore is no relation of the George Peabody Wetmore. He owns a large apartment house up town which bears his name, and is said to be very wealthy. Miss Burden is an only daughter and she will have a magnificent dowry.

The Adonis Count Vincini has returned to this country and all the hearts in Washington and New York are going pit-a-pat. Count Vincini was the beau at Narragansett for several years and he made quite a sensation at Lenox also, where he was the soul of the Italian diplomatic colony. He will be over for the last days of the Horse Show and will have almost a monopoly in titles, being the almost only Count in New York just at this time. The Marquis de Brabant, I believe, has returned, and the unmarried Sierstorf is en route, but just now there is almost an absolute famine in titled personages in this city, save a clever gentleman with a foreign accent, and a little sangfroid could make quite a lucky speculation for himself.

Blush.

"You did not stop in at the drug store as I requested you?" Beryl Montague's voice rang out clear and cold. As for Mr. Montague, her husband, he drew himself up to his full height. "No!" he answered, haughtily. "Have I not given my word that I would never do anything to bring the blush to your cheek? Telephone for your complexion, and tell the druggist to send it up!"

Now the woman covered her face with her hands and wept; for her hands were better than nothing.—Detroit Journal.

"JOLLY" NELLIE M'HENRY.

SOMEHOW or other I find myself bobbing up at Keith's and Proctor's more frequently than of yore. Those glittering announcements of the "debut in vaudeville" of great stars always tempt me. I don't know why. That much abused word "vaudeville" really means very little. The great stars don't juggle oranges or fall down stairs or indulge in clog-dancing. As a rule they do an ordinary one-act play that wouldn't be long enough for a legitimate theatre—and do it twice a day. Coon songs may precede them, and they may be bounded on all sides by rag time. Again I say I don't know why I go to see them in the vaudeville houses, but—yes, I do. They are my excuse for going. Sometimes it is very soothing to get away from the chunky consecutiveness of "Christians" and "Cyranos."

So I made Nellie McHenry my excuse yesterday and landed at Proctor's Twenty-third street house. By the by, it is a great mistake to say that this house is the resort of shopping ladies. The audience yesterday seemed to be composed mainly of men. Why not? The sterner sex must shop, as well as the gentler community. The men most certainly have bought up Twenty-third street. There were so many of them. Possibly Proctor's is meant for men in the afternoon, and women at night.

My old favorite, Nellie McHenry (and when I say "old" please understand that I mean it as a term of endearment), appeared in what she called "a comic interlude" entitled "Patchwork." It turned out to be quite the most uninteresting thing on the programme, and robbed me of all excuse for being there. And it is a remarkable thing that the fat-typed attractions of these houses are generally the least vital. Those that are conched in small type, that you haven't even noticed until you get there, make any hits that are to be made. The effectiveness of the old-time vaudeville could do nothing with "Patchwork." It was beyond all repair, and Miss McHenry seemed to know it, for she went through it with the sorrowful,

reluctant sparkle of champagne that has been open all night. She wore a sort of crushed tomato dress, cut low enough to reveal a plump and partridgey back and short enough to give the Nellie McHenry legs their accustomed twinkling moves.

But it was no good. There was John Webster in his varied roles of husband, manager and leading man to help her. I sat and sobbed as I watched them trying to make fun out of an alleged burlesque of "Hamlet." What a heavy thing life is when you've got to be funny twice a day without material. Miss McHenry and her husband seemed to feel it. "Patchwork" will be a dreadful burden. I must drop in on Saturday to see that no grave symptoms of exhaustion have set in. The subreptic and her husband had the services of two men and a woman—all nicely named on the programme, which, by-the-by, nobody at Proctor's ever consults or has any use for whatsoever. The five unfortunate rehearsed "Hamlet," and the author of "Patchwork," Mr. Nate Salisbury, tried to furnish them with situations something like those in Bronson Howard's "Green-room Fun." But it was all green and no fun.

I advise Miss McHenry not to dally with the poor vaudeville performers. She is taking up time that might be filled more profitably by cake-walkers, coon singers and comedy duettists. It would have been easy to shine at Proctor's yesterday, for the programme had no other stars; merely the usual array of afternoon talent. A couple of conversationalists came out and joked about that new and succulent topic, the lobster—the topic popular with Sam Bernard and Jeffrey and Jarvis, and the speediness of one was to answer the taunts of the other with "Yes," and then correct it to a "No." These gentlemen jumped about, and made holes in the stage and the English language with perfect aplomb. I should not have cared to remain until the revolving performance brought them round again. But then, you know, my ideas of the "contin-

uous" are homeopathic, and forlornly. Miss Minnie Methot, a "well-known soprano," made her "debut" in vaudeville—which seems to be a gorgeous ground for debutants. Miss Methot sang a little song about "one I love, and two I love," and took herself quite Metropolitan Opera House. She whistled a little, sang some more, gave us a little touch of that Swanee River, which simply went dry up, and tripped off.

The best feature of the programme was one that was hidden away in small type. It was "Ben Harney and company, rag-time singers and players," and not debutants. Mr. Harney, a lady and a colored comedian made up this company. He sang, danced and played in a remarkably lively and exhilarating way; she danced in sand and took herself quite Metropolitan Opera House. The two. No printer's ink was wasted on them, but they scored just the same. They would probably continue to do so, if Miss Viola Allen and Mr. Richard Mansfield made their "debut in vaudeville" next week, for you can't mix the variety and the legitimate. There is a well-defined place for each.

Lydia Dreaums was an odd name in large type, and Lydia turned out to be a ventriloquist—not a ventriloquistess—of the conventional type. He wore a handsome decollete gown and an Ada Rehan wig, and strange to say, managed to avoid all vulgarity. With a couple of dummies of the style used by A. O. Duncan, he gave his "feats" in ventriloquism, an art which nowadays has descended to an excuse for the perpetration of bad jokes, palmed off on inoffensive dummies. I should say that modern ventriloquism must hate their own dummies, for they victimize them with the most evil brands of humor it is possible to imagine. The shopping gentlemen of Twenty-third street enjoyed themselves in a dreamy and listless sort of manner. It is nice to know that they are so well provided for. Wives and mothers need no longer feel in the least remorseful at confiding their commissions to husbands and sons, for Proctor's is very handy, and a vaudeville performance is extremely comforting.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

"Dawson's an awfully extravagant chap." "Yes, he is." "Has he got much money back of him?" "I'm afraid he has more than he has ahead of him."—Harper's Bazar.

REALIZED HIS LOSS.

Mrs. Hartbroque—Our daughter has eloped with the coachman. Hartbroque—That's too bad. He was the best coachman I ever had.—Judge.

THE GERMAN POOR-BAH.

"I don't know that there is much use of my keeping my school open more than a month or two each year," said the German pedagogue.

"Why is that?" "Our Emperor has simplified matters to such an extent that when you ask the name of the world's greatest poet, painter, musician, general, traveller or monarch, there is only one answer to all the questions."—Washington Star.

THE LAST STRAW.

"A man kin folgit his manners an' git along foh awhile," said Uncle Eben. "But de fust thing he knows he gits so haughty he neglects ter bow to de inevitable, an' den he's in trouble sho' nuff."—Washington Star.

A WIDE DIFFERENCE.

Young Doctor—I find it hard to draw the line between hy fever and influenza. Old Doctor—It is hard, my boy; but social distinctions have to be made; there's no help for it.—Detroit Journal.

HOW SOCIETY DOES IT.

NOT of the tankard, if you please, where the equine beauties toss themselves so gamely over the evergreen wreathed hurdles, and the gray with black points and the dark chestnut rival each other so daintily with their delicately drawn forelegs and high-held crests, that they seem of the supernatural order. Far and away the horses are the finest part of the show, barring here and there a man or woman so well put together one feels like asking how they come in this world at all. But when you go to the show the question always is: How did the women look, and did you see any nice dresses? Do you know I can't see why any one should want to look at women when thoroughbred horses are about, stepping like velvet and looking fine as silk. This being my day for speaking the truth I must say I can't account for the interest taken in women anyhow. You see several hundred of the prettiest, best kept women of the country at the show mornings, nice tall figures, nice complexions, not afraid of daylight, with plenty of fine, clean, silky hair and splendid teeth, which they generously allow the beholder to admire to the fullest extent as they laugh and smile. Two things a pretty woman never wants to show with intention, never mind how pretty they are, her teeth and her feet. Glances caught by inadvertence are so infinitely more fetching. The complexion, hair and eyes return in evidence and appear a study of interest to some people.

"Why is it," asks one critic, who knows all there is about football and horses and yachts and things of superior importance, "or how is it these women keep their complexions when they break every rule of health, are out five or six evenings a week and eat late suppers of every indigestible thing under the sun—terrapin and lobster salad that has stood three or four hours till the oil is all but rancid, and they drink champagne like—well, as a man does? They do these things month in and year out and yet keep fine and fresh. How do you account for it?"

The great reason is these women don't worry about anything in this mortal world. They don't have to think of money, where the checks are coming from to pay this season's expenses, or how to make \$5,000 do the work of \$7,500, or if the cook leaves how they are to get another to do the soups as the head of the family likes them, or how they can afford Russian sables, or make a second-rate dressmaker turn them out as if they were dressed by Paquin, Doucet and Elise—or Hollander, who dresses American women better than any of them. If you happen to order at the right time of the moon. The money is the great thing in the rest, if one learns to not have too much feeling or conscience it is wonderful how little

friction there is in life. If your husband prefers being away most of the time so gamely over the evergreen wreathed hurdles, and the gray with black points and the dark chestnut rival each other so daintily with their delicately drawn forelegs and high-held crests, that they seem of the supernatural order. Far and away the horses are the finest part of the show, barring here and there a man or woman so well put together one feels like asking how they come in this world at all. But when you go to the show the question always is: How did the women look, and did you see any nice dresses? Do you know I can't see why any one should want to look at women when thoroughbred horses are about, stepping like velvet and looking fine as silk. This being my day for speaking the truth I must say I can't account for the interest taken in women anyhow. You see several hundred of the prettiest, best kept women of the country at the show mornings, nice tall figures, nice complexions, not afraid of daylight, with plenty of fine, clean, silky hair and splendid teeth, which they generously allow the beholder to admire to the fullest extent as they laugh and smile. Two things a pretty woman never wants to show with intention, never mind how pretty they are, her teeth and her feet. Glances caught by inadvertence are so infinitely more fetching. The complexion, hair and eyes return in evidence and appear a study of interest to some people.

Besides all this the woman of the best seats at the Horse Show has all the commandments of health easy to her hand. She has a warm house from October to June, a hot bath at any hour if she is tired, a seltzer lemonade or a thimbleful of brandy and soda when the salad doesn't set well, and a day on the golf links or on skates, which is better than anything for restoring tone. She has all Summer to rest and be amused in, and lovely, velvet princess gowns in marigold or manilla browns, or burgundy shades, which she wears with brilliant silk garters that glisten with silver and pearl and steel spangles, and palmettes, whose dapples she lifts with little snatches of Hungarian rags, minute diamonds and emeralds that they wore them at the Horse Show yesterday. SHIRLEY DARE.

SHIRLEY DARE EXPLAINS ITS SECRET.